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Judge

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UNCLE SAM'S MASTER.

THE "BOSS" THIEF—"You will keep on removing me, but you will always put me back again—for I run your politics!"

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ALAS and alack! what's the matter with Flack?

* * *

SCRATCH a Tammany man and he'll take five dollars for it.

* * *

THE AMERICANS have always admired General Caprivi. Perhaps, however, this was principally because they never heard of him.

* * *

IT IS a great thing to have office under the rule of Tammany; but how much greater it is to have your liberty and possess your soul.

* * *

EVERYTHING in France is a political crisis; but happily the French have come to look upon this sort of thing as a duel warranted to draw no blood.

* * *

THERE WAS once a man named Hugh Grant. Whether he was a fool or a knave remains to be disclosed; but, alas! we always gave him credit for a good deal of information.

A RACE-HORSE.

HOGELHEIMER (*the huckster*)—"Since I put me dem whiskers on Fritz I sells me ten dollars a day in Harlem."

THE HOTSPUR.

THE KAISER has a head of his own. It is argued that his disposition to return the Guelph fund to the duke of Cumberland indicates that he is influenced by his mother and is as liberal in behalf of the people as his father would have been, and the acceptance of Bismarck's resignation supports the conclusion; but he is a military ruler after the manner of Frederick the great, and he proclaims his right to rule as a something coming from the Almighty. Perhaps there are opposing forces in the young man's nature which will lead, as wisdom and charity always do, to the conservative justice; and meanwhile it is better for his majesty that Bismarck should retire from choice rather than from the necessity of death. Meanwhile, moreover, it is very good evidence of progress that the kaiser should make an effort to conciliate the socialists whether he is honest in his apparent desire to improve the condition of the working classes or not.

THE CORRUPTION OF SUCCESS.

THERE IS SOMETHING in the statement that the country legislator has too much to do with the affairs of this city; but there is more in the truth that but for his vigilance and persistency such scoundrelism as that brought to light by the Fassett committee would remain underground. The robbery practiced in the sheriff's office, the bleeding of the occupants of Ludlow-street jail, are as bad as anything in the work of the banditti abroad or the train-robbers and stage-coach desperadoes in the west; but apparently no New York politician can be relied upon to bring the scoundrels to justice, and the gentlemen with the hayseed in their hair seem to know just how to get at it. And how much is developed when they get to work! The rascality unearthed during the first days of the investigation is astounding enough of itself, but there is a general feeling that the committee has merely scratched the surface. Henry Ward Beecher used to say that he never wanted to see just one church, because it would inevitably grow intolerant and corrupt. What a pity it is that this town should have just one party that is sure to win!

NOT MIRACLE, BUT PROGRESS.

NOW THAT the Republican party has come into possession of its political fortune, and the executive and both houses of the federal legislature are of one faith, the country, or at least the laymen of the party, have been projecting "great expectations."

It is true that the administration has had but a brief time to change the tenantry of the public offices. It is true that leisureliness, and perhaps a too large concession to sentimental propriety, have been deterrent. The great machine of government had to be cleaned, its parts wiped of dirt, and the incompetents who have had harmful charge discharged. The switches had to be changed and the route, which was curving toward free trade and a European termini, taken up. The old and solid road-bed, abandoned for years, had to be relaid, ballasted, re-railed, and safely spiked. Those who expected a miraculous change, a blissful freightage of prosperity and a sudden growth of wealth, were disappointed. The Democratic press and the mugwump grumbler, appealing to an impatient gathering, joined in a common howl and denounced as a delusive betrayal that which just before they had claimed was impossible.

"Four months have passed of actual Republican control, and have you," said the dervishes, "seen any betterment? Why has not an American mercantile marine sprung out of the sea? Why is not our flag in every port? Why has not industry straightened its bent back, relieved of the burdens that crooked it? Why are the black menace and the white terrorism of the south an unsolved problem? The Canadian fishery question is unsettled. The seal-fisheries of the Behring sea are still open to question of proprietorship. The pan-American congress has been in session for months—the representatives of the sister republics, joined to us by geographical continuation of land, and with the same seas laving neighborly coasts—yet where is the harvest of this project? Why have we not reaped the sowing of the right hand as soon as the seed has dropped? Capital and labor still stand facing each other with threats. Why are they not reconciled? The political millennium is not here and therefore there can be no betterment. The Republican policy has not fruited with its few months of blossom, and its political tree should be cut down as a fraud."

This is substantially the sum-total of the grumbling and is the sermon and a part of the mission of fault-finding. The partisan press indulge in it, as their only stock in trade, and enjoy it. Hosts of thoughtless readers, hammered and moulded by iteration, believe it. The stolid citizen, however slow to enthusiasm and incredulous of ruin, plods on in his usual way. He knows that all changes of policy are necessarily deliberate. He knows that political majorities and minorities become interchangeable; that if the party-train speeds too fast and the grade grows risky, common sense and public protest put on the brakes and avert a danger. Legislation will not be allowed to run wild. The injudicious proposition of the Blair bill to provide by federal assistance for education in the south, taking from the states the burden and the duty of bettering its citizens, although proposed by a Republican, was defeated by Republican opposition. The erratic proposition of Senator Stanford to turn the federal treasury into a loan department, and add a power likely to be abused to a power already too great and likely to be further used by any administration, as such power is now used by individuals as a colorable method of political control, will meet the same fate. It is fortunate that political miracles are not possible. Natural and national processes cannot be swift. In good time, if impatience does not strangle judgment, the Republican policy will not only retain, but add to and enlarge, the reasonable prosperity we, as a people, are enjoying. J. A.

THE PLEASURES OF CHICAGO SOCIETY.

MISS BLONDELL—"Have you been presented to Mr. Delavan?"
MRS. DELAKE (*calmly looking him over*)—"Yes, papa presented me to him about two years ago; but we did not agree very well, and called it off without alimony."

SOMEBODY really must murder most of the reporters and half the editors of this town for remarking every five minutes, "The reason is because."

* * *

FORAKER is mentioned by the *Commercial Advertiser* as the man who can't find his grave. In these cases, *C. M.*, it is the mound that must come to Mahomet.

* * *

THERE being no land in this country for the accommodation of newly-arrived immigrants, perhaps it might be well to plant a building several miles out in the Atlantic ocean.

* * *

WE BELIEVE General Faulkner is dead; and at the same time if he might have saved his liberty by burying some other man he would have been the last individual to scorn the opportunity.

* * *

BUT ONE EGG in the Democratic nest is worth hatching; and whether the hen be Cleveland or Hill the bird will probably be almost as sorry when he pricks his shell as both of them.

* * *

THE best collection of names of American humorists yet printed is given in Henry Clay Lukens's paper in *Harper's Monthly* for April. Mr. Lukens has a prodigious memory, and is himself a bright and pungent writer.

* * *

HUGH GRANT has suffered from his associations. He didn't know anything about the suffering, however, until the Fassett investigation. Perhaps where ignorance is bliss, etc.; and yet it is better to heal these afflictions before they become acute.

CROOK.

GENERAL CROOK, who is dead, is mentioned as "a great Indian fighter." Now he was not that—he was not an Indian and he was not a great fighter of Indians. He was perhaps the best friend the Indian had in the regular army. He was principally great as a man who tried to do justice to the Indian and the government at the same time. He was so conscientious that he ought to have been a clergyman, so argumentative but philosophical that he might have been the permanent president of a perpetual debating society, and so theoretic that he should have managed a school of general experiment. He was more nearly like Stonewall Jackson, except that he didn't fight half as well, than any man this side of the ex-confederacy. He must have been shot to his situation in life out of a gun supposed to be loaded with somebody else.

A BROOKLYN DISAPPOINTMENT.

MISS BROWN—"Come right in, papa; you won't interrupt us. Mr. Blish and I are just skimming over our parts in the Amaranth theatricals."
MR. BROWN (*with a sigh to himself*)—"By ginger! I had hopes that time."

1861.

PRIVATE HUNKS—"By thunder! that's a shame · an' th' hog's got away, too."

1890.

PRIVATE HUNKS—"Yes, boys; those were great days. That ragged break in the old musket shows the power my muscles had in the army of the Potomac. I did that braining a rebel colonel over the breast-works of Petersburg."

HUM OF THE COURT.

FORTY WOMEN were graduated at Philadelphia in one day as doctors of medicine. We confess that they have our entire sympathy; and in fact we have been sick ever since the proceedings.

"THE MUGWUMP as a partisan," is the subject of an article in the Elmira *Gazette*. Ah, what a mistake that is—at least what a mistake it will be until the mugwump has a party of his own!

THE NUMBER of men who have escaped death at the hands of Murderer Birchell, and advertise themselves to that effect, is so large that we suspect the census-takers will not be able to catch up to it.

A REPORTER of the *Herald* found that Henry S. Ives was an expert in poker while in Ludlow-street jail; but what a greater expert he is to be able to settle with his creditors for a nickel on the dollar. To understand poker is a good thing; but to be able to compound a felony and thereby escape the fate of Ferdinand Ward is far better.

IT IS perhaps true that the prince of Wales would like to marry his eldest son to an American heiress; but this country doesn't propose to support the British government until it adopts the principle of free trade.

SPEAKER REED is tolerably satisfied for a czar. Things go very nicely in the house of representatives now that it is known just who is running the establishment.

THERE IS a great call in Wyoming for girls. Several girls who went there to teach school were married, and married well. Go west, young woman—go west and teach school.

A FRENCHMAN was guillotined recently at four o'clock in the morning. There are few things more cruel in punishment than this. Why couldn't they have let him alone long enough to take his last nap?

WE HAVE the liveliest hope for Brazil; but as a general thing republics are not built in a day, and on this continent there ought to be no necessity for keeping that kind of politics at the point of the bayonet.

WE DO NOT believe it would be wise for Governor Hill to affix a ten-pound weight to the coat-tails of Mr. Sheehan, because in that case the young man would go backward and get there more precipitously than he does now.

SOME COMMENT on the fact that Mr. Cleveland has made $100,000 in real estate leads to the conclusion that an ex-president must not only get no salary but must be forbidden the privilege of making one. It does no harm, after all, to give ex-presidents the rights that belong to the ordinary citizen.

A MONUMENT to Augustine Washington is proposed by the Buffalo *Express*. Augustine was the father of George, and therefore the grandfather of his country. The scheme is an excellent one, now that Mary, the mother of George, is so much discussed; but why not pool the issues, as proposed several years ago, and put up a monument to the memory of Adam?

THE GOVERNMENT of Russia has sent fifty truthful ladies and gentlemen here to show us that the government is merciful and doesn't flog women to death. Happily, we have free speech here, and therefore they will have all courtesy; but if they were in Russia and had an outspoken opinion unfavorable to the government they would be flogged to death too.

CLAYSVILLE, Pa., with one thousand inhabitants, has had eighteen elopements within eight months. It isn't always population that counts for liveliness; but perhaps it will in Claysville within a more or less brief period.

"THE MAN who buys his wife an Easter bonnet is stepping heavenward," says the Troy *Press*. We have frequently thought of this; and the suggestion is the more impressive because the man who presents it never had a wife in his life.

IF THERE might be something besides a bonnet from which the poets could draw inspiration for Easter day we should have the material to fill a long-felt want. But there isn't; and the absence of it is almost as depressing as if there were not a woman at the top of it.

MR. SMITH, our minister to Russia, is both a journalist and a temperance man—though, to be sure, being one he must necessarily be the other. This does not, however, surprise the people of Russia. The shriek of wild laughter we just heard was due to some new nihilistic humor.

PERPETUATING THE SITUATION.

BULLWINKLE—"Now, Mr. Photographer, that I have arranged the accessories you may snap the camera. This represents me as I appeared during my recent legal fight in a Long Island city court. The articles are supposed to be flying."

A BIT OF VIRTU.

FILLED full was she with pride of ancestry,
A maid of whom rapt poets oft have dreamed;
Her eyes like stars of Leda lustrous gleamed,
Her ev'ry move bespoke gentility;
She was the very soul of poesy,
Her voice was low, her words like music seemed,
And when I heard her speak my thoughts fast teemed
With rapture such as seldom came to me!
I, foolish artist, loved and married her:
Her tastes expensive brought me pain and woe;
My money, books and pictures quick have flown—
Quick as in autumn fades the gossamer,
But she alone sticks fast; well, be it so;
She's now the *only* ornament I own.

NATHAN M. LEVY.

CRUSHING A CONGRESSMAN.

"I REPRESENT the 'steenth district of Kansas in congress," remarked the Honorable Obadiah Slaughter, as he took up his pen to register at the Blossom house, St. Louis.

"Oh, well, that's all right," replied the clerk indulgently. "It isn't your fault and shouldn't be allowed to prejudice any one against you. You were in the hands of your friends, I suppose, and they elected you largely against your will."

"Y-y-yes," replied the statesman, who was somewhat astonished at the reception given his disclosure of identity. "But I had to spend a few days here on business and I thought it would be as well to mention my position, and"——

"Oh, that's all right. We'll not discriminate against you. In a house like this we have to put up even with members of the legislature. I guess it will be all right. By the way, you had a lively time in the house over the world's fair. Of course you saw the superior claims of St. Louis and voted"——

"Well, no; the fact is I voted for Chicago."

"What! Voted for Chicago and then come right here to St. Louis and boast about it! Why, man"——

"Isn't it safe?" gasped the congressman tremulously.

"Safe! You must be either very brave or very rash. I don't know what would happen if the boys knew there was a congressman in town who voted for Chicago. It's lucky you told me instead of some one else. Now, I'll protect you; but you must do as I say."

"Y-yes; I will."

"Preserve a strict incognito. Register as D. McGinty or under some other *nom-de-plume*, and don't breathe a word about congress while you are in St. Louis or your dreadful secret will be suspected. I don't know but what I really ought to lock you up in the safe at night; but perhaps you'll not be harmed if you follow my directions. Front!"

WM. H. SIVITER.

AN AID TO TRUTHFULNESS.

JESSUP (GEORGIA) CITIZEN—"You can get the story from an intelligent negro's own lips, sir. Caspar, is your race oppressed in this state?"

CASPAR (*promptly*)—"Nossir; we's comf'able as chipmunks, sah!"

SOMNOLENT VIGOR.

ORCHESTRA LEADER (*as the last of the audience files out*)—"What do you mean, you scoundrel, by banging that drum in the pianissimo passages?"

HERR BUGGENTHAL—"Oxcuse me. I vos fall ashleeb und dhink me I vos arguin' mit mein frau Katrine."

CORRECTING A MISAPPREHENSION.

"CAN'T you make better time than this?" asked a merchant of an office-boy who had consumed too much time on an errand.

"My dear sir," replied the boy, who was from Boston, "I do not make time at all. I merely use that provided by a higher power."

FRIGID.

JONES has just married a girl who, although bringing him a pretty penny in the way of a fortune, has been unable to fall very deeply in love with him.

"Do you know," the poor man remarked to a friend, "she's so frigid that I'm afraid to take her in my arms lest I should catch the influenza."

CAP AND BELLS.

HEAR the ringing of the bell—chestnut bell;
What a tale of tiresomeness its tinkling doth foretell!
It will tinkle, tankle, jingle, jangle, all this livelong day,
And if you listen carefully you'll hear it boldly say,
"Oh, I'm very tired of April fool and April foolish fun;
I haven't seen a good new joke played since A. D. year one."

ARISTINE ANDERSON.

THAT EXPLAINED IT.

TWO old friends were playing dominoes in a saloon and chatting in the intervals of the game.

"Yes, our Susan is an excellent servant; in fact she must have been little short of perfection itself, seeing that she's lived six years with my wife."

"But you've lived with her a good deal longer than that."

"True; but then you know I'm never at home."

NOT CALCULATED TO SOOTHE.

BAD PETER—"I know what Mr. Whatty wants to go home with Sister Kate for!"
MR. WHATTY—"Tut, tut, my little man."
BAD PETER—"You can 'tut, tut' all you want to, but my brother Jack owes you a lickin' an' you're 'fraid t' go home alone."

THE MORE EFFECTIVE MEMBER.

IN A POLICE-COURT.

"Do you mean to say that your husband made a practice of raising his hand to you?"

"No, your honor; he always preferred to use his foot."

NEW DEFINITIONS.

Melancholy—The dilettanteism of grief.

Medicine—The art that supplies the India rubber that lengthens our days.

Androcles—The Roman slave who started in the pedicure business for lions.

Ferocious—A term applied by man to those animals that object to serving him in the capacity of food.

VIGOROUS METHODS.

MR. BARKLING (*undergoing a medical examination for insurance*)—"Are you going to punch me again like that, doctor?"

THE PHYSICIAN—"Just once more."

MR. BARKLING—"Well, before you do it just have the policy made out and signed, will you?"

Heads—Lodgings, furnished or unfurnished as the case may be, for ideas.

Heart—An alcove where sentiment may reasonably be expected to lurk.

BY OUR OFFICE MISANTHROPE.

THE state of marriage strongly resembles a besieged city. Those who are outside would give anything to get in, while those who are inside are equally anxious to get out; and it's this very insanity that makes the world go round.

PRICE OF A POEM.

Editor—"What price have you put on that poem?"

Poet—"A dollar and eighty cents a thousand feet; the same as the gas companies charge."

AN APRIL FOOL.

AN APRIL fool who wit doth lack
Is he who trusts the almanac—
That it is April deems it spring,
Whereas 'tis not the genuine thing—
Who deems the wintry winds are gone
And puts his overcoat in pawn.

DETHRONED.

Young man—"I understand you want a young man to help edit your paper?"

Editor—"Yes, sir; have you had any experience?"

Young man—"I have taken one term in journalism at Cornell university, and"——

Editor—"That will do. You may take my desk and go to work and I'll go and run the elevator. Please be as kind to the rest of the staff as you can."

HER WAY OF EXPRESSING THINGS.

DEACON SITGREAVES—"Your sons are all doin' well down to York, ain't they?"

MRS. KENSICO—"Splendid! Elnathan he's insurin' folks, Thomas is politickin', Joshua 's a doctor, an' John brokes down to th' stock swapper."

WHY HE MOVED WEST.

Sumway—"I hear that McWatty has moved to Chicago and is literally going to the dogs."

Simeral—"He knows what he is doing."

Sumway—"Indeed?"

Simeral—"Yes; in Illinois habitual drunkenness for two years is legal ground for divorce."

ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.

AT THE close of day he went home for rest—
Home for rest as the sun went down—
On his face a smile, in his mind a jest,
As he thought of the beefsteak brown.
For men will expect,
Though women object,
That the supper must wait,
Be it ever so late,
When house-cleaning time arrives.

He was horrified when he heard the din,
And saw everything upside down;
He was tired and mad and he swore like sin,
And declared he'd go back to town.
For men grow profane,
Though women explain,
And there's always a muss,
And there's always a fuss,
When house-cleaning time arrives.

Up the stairs he went with a rush and jump,
To prepare for the meal in town—
With a crash and thumpety-bump-bump-bump
The poor fellow came tumbling down.
For men are abused
And women confused,
And the fellow that swears
Strikes the soap on the stairs
When house-cleaning time arrives.

T. H. BOICE.

INQUISITORIAL.

JONES had lost his garden-gate and questioned the maid thereon.

"What time did you close it?"

"About six o'clock."

"Was it there then?"

A COQUETTE.

SHE let me flirt, it seemed no harm,
Although my love she'd always squelch.
She used to let me take her arm,
But gave her hand to some one else.

HIS WATERLOO.

Manager—"I understand that the actor Jenkins made a disastrous failure this season."

Actor—"You don't say! I thought Jenkins was doing well."

Manager—"Well, he was until he struck Kentucky with his tank drama."

COMPLAINTS BELOW STAIRS.

THE BUTLER—"It's tirin' me th' way we're treated, Katy. An ox couldn't draw these last cigars th' master bought."

THE MAID—"Yes; an' look at me. Sure, Oi'm ashamed to go on th' street wid th' last lot o' face-powder th' missus got herself."

AN OLD SAYING NEWLY SAID.

Miss Kewt (who wants to bring him to the point)—"I think *some* old bachelors are horrid."

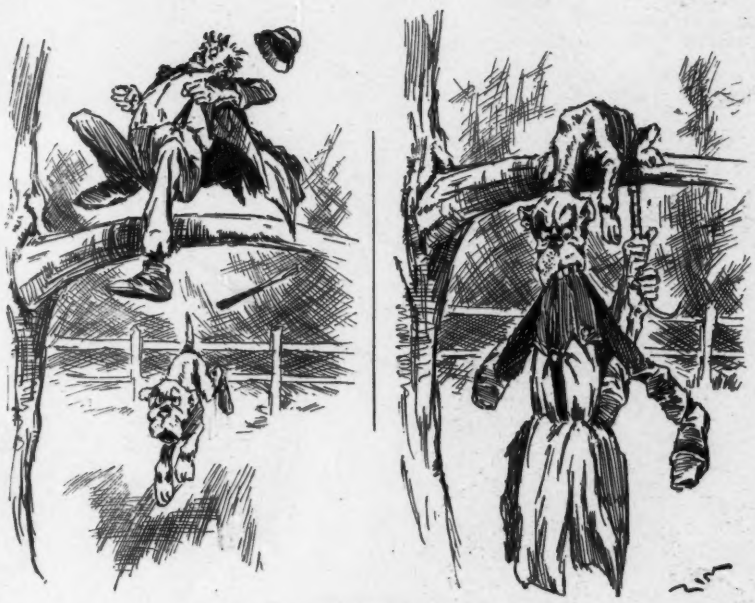
Mr. Batchellor—"What about present company?"

Miss Kewt—"Present company always accepted."

APRIL.

OH, APRIL, flush and fair, when mortals fain
In endless verse their feelings would express
('Twere well if they would rhyme a little less),
When maidens chatter in a lively strain
Of new spring bonnets till they're nigh insane,
When lads and lasses longing to confess
Their inmost thoughts and dreams of happiness,
Turn every street into a lovers' lane,
I do not like to praise thee much at all,
For once, presuming on thy glowing skies,
I decked myself in all my finery,
When lo, a soaking rain began to fall,
And I berated thee 'mid tears and sighs
For making such a miserable duck of me!

NATHAN M. LEVY.



THE EX-CIRCUSMAN'S SCHEME.

RUMPLED BILJAMES—"If he'll only foller me over I'll be all hunky!" ——"There, friend, now who's got yer?"

IT WAS NO MAN'S LAND.

"THIS fine farm," remarked Cumso, as he showed a friend around the suburbs, "is a sort of no man's land."

"Why, it looks as though it had an owner."

"So it has; but the owner is a widow."

UNREPUBLICAN.

Mrs. Fangle—"I don't believe in presenting American ladies to Queen Victoria."

Mr. Fangle—"Oh, it doesn't matter as long as they are not given to the sultan of Turkey."

INNOCENT AMUSEMENT.

Western woman—"Doesn't your little girl care for dolls?"

Boston woman—"Dolls? Mercy, no! When she wants amusement I just give her the editorials in a Chicago paper to read."

AT THE CIRCUS.

Bobby—"What animal is that, pa?"

Pa—"That is an old hyena, Bobby."

Bobby—"Why, pa, that doesn't look a bit like you. Ma doesn't know what she talks about half the time, does she?"

A FRANK CONFESSION.

MR. HOGAN (*anxiously*)—"Mr. Gilhooley, do you think agin fall my hogs will be fit to kill?"

MR. GILHOOLY (*in disgust*)—"They may be fit to kill, but the dumb things won't be fit to ate."

Judge
UNITED GERMANY
HONOR TO BISMARCK
HERBERT BISMARCK
GILLAM.

GOING IT A

ERMAN
CLERICALS
PROGRESSIVE PARTY.
SOCIALISTS
Sackett & Wilhelms Litho. Co. New York

G IT ALONE!

COCKNEY CONSOLATION.

THE chaplain taught and preached it constantly:
For everything they ought—
For broken limbs or sickness—thankful be,
Nor grumble, but the thought
That 'twas no worse to them should comfort be;
And then they'd at their call
A hospital besides! Thus thoroughly
Imbued became they all
With this idea, and through all their say
Did nurse and patient spread
This leavening text. A man named 'Opkins lay
Upon his dying bed.
A wicked man was he; and, taken worse
One night, the chaplain gave
Strict orders to be wakened to the nurse
Should there be symptoms grave.
To give due consolation to his mind
Before he left this shore
He wished, but in the morn he rose to find
That 'Opkins was no more.
He'd not been called; so for the nurse he sent
To rate him well and chide
For his neglect, and ask him what he meant.
The nurse abashed replied,
"Hi gave 'im consolation, sir." Perplexed
The chaplain with stern eye
Demanded what he said to him, and vexed
Received this prompt reply:
"'Opkins,' Hi said, 'you're going soon to die!'
"'Hi know it well,' 'e said.
"'Opkins, you're wery bad, you know,' said Hi.
"'Hi know't! Hi know't!' 'e said.
"'Opkins, to 'eaven you cawn't go,' Hi said.
"'Hi s'pose not,' 'e replied.
"'Opkins, you'll 'ave to go to 'ell, Hi'm 'fraid.'
"'Hi'm 'fraid so,' 'e replied.
"'You hought be wery thankful then,' said Hi,
"'As som'un did perwide
"'A place for you to go to when you die!'
"Hand then—'Opkins 'e died!"

WALTER.

SENTENCES PASSED BY THE JUDGE.

ORDER is sanity; disorder is insanity.

Sympathy is the key that unlocks humanity.

Love of self is never so hateful as when disguised as love of another.

The child is wiser in his childishness than the philosopher in his wisdom.

When love begins to anticipate receiving rather than giving, then set guard on love.

The fool is unconscious of his folly; but the foolishness of the wise man burns like a coal in his bosom.

Tears are productive of nothing save red eyes after one has crossed the Rubicon of the nursery threshold.

If familiarity breeds contempt continued formality breeds an atmosphere more chill than that surrounding polar seas.

Nature conducts her squadrons on the plan of self-defense; and few of her creatures are noxious till provoked to venom.

It is one thing to declare independence and another to make that declaration good by a rigid line of serious thinking and earnest living.

The knight of the nineteenth century needs not to go forth in search of deeds to fit his prowess. In the living of each day comes opportunity to prove himself a hero.

The eager impatience of the child has no part in the man grown. The good is on its way and that sufficeth him, since he knows that it always brings as its shadow the thing that men call ill.

An ant-hill in a grass-plat and a mountain in a hemisphere compare favorably to the indiscriminating mind; and your local poet is voted a marvelous fellow for three miles around.

When a man fancies himself in love with two women at the same time it is safe to conclude that he is in love with neither the one nor the other, but with certain characteristics of each.

KATHRINE GROSJEAN.

THE LAST STAGE OF THE MEERSCHAUM-SMOKER.

A PRESENT FROM HOME.

THE LETTER (*accompanying the gift*)—"Hooks Valley, Ill. Dear Wingate—Your letter, saying you had jined the Rockaway hunt, is to hand. Your mother and I are a bit anxious, but if you *will* go gunnin' we thought you ought to have somethin' to keep your ears warm. I shot the mink and mother sewed it together. Your true and affectionate FATHER."

A MAN THEREIN.

"THE moon reminds me of China, Mr. Goslin."

"Why, Miss Amy?"

"Because there is a mandarin."

"DO YOU entertain my proposal
That we two, dearest, married shall be?"
"No, I don't entertain your proposal;
Your proposal, though, entertains me."

A WHOLE EVENING MARRED.

Mr. Van Astor—"Did you enjoy the opera last night?"

Mrs. Van Astor—"No; not very much. The actors made so much noise that I couldn't hear more than half of Mrs. Van Cortlandt's conversation, and you know her box is only the third from ours."

EASTER SUNDAY.

EASTER Sunday now is come;
Strip the blooming garden bowers!
Deck the altar and the house
With fair Easter flowers.

Now sweet harmonies we hear,
On the air the music swells,
Filling all our hearts with cheer—
Easter songs and bells.

Ladies' day—and see them smile!
Nature wonders as they don it—
Such a miracle of style—
Lovely Easter bonnet!

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

CORDIAL BUT ILLOGICAL.

JONES was quite struck by the appearance of a guest at an evening party whose name he did not know but whose face was familiar.

"Beg pardon," he said, going up to him, "I think we have met before."

"That is my impression."

"It wasn't at New Orleans, was it?"

"No; I've never been there."

"Nor I either," replied Jones in a burst of illogical enthusiasm.

TIME IS MONEY.

Mrs. McCrackle—"That new clock is gaining half an hour a day."

McCrackle—"Good enough! It will soon make enough time to pay for itself."

WITH THE AMATEURS.

THE STAGE-MANAGER (*as Richard III. gets his sword between his legs*)—"I trust that the audience will be lenient with Mr. Deaks. This is his first Shakespearean rôle."

VOICE (*from the rear*)—"Would Shakespearean *tumble* hit it off better?"

"Has your chum any vices?" "I only know of one." "What is that?" "Talking of his own virtues."—*Chicago Times.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

"Are you going to de fancy ball dat de Merry Six gives nex' Sat'dy night?" "Sutney." "Well, you want to come wit yer gud clokes, see? Yer want ter wear gloves." "Gloves!" "Yes." "Say, dis ain't goin' ter be no scrappin' match, is it?"—*Washington Post.*

"Throw physic to the dogs," and use Angostura Bitters for good digestion and a healthy appetite. Sole M'f'rs, Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. Ask your druggist.

Bagley—"All of Mrs. Howe's children call her 'the mater.' Isn't it nice to see such affection?" *Bailey*—"That isn't affection. She succeeded in marrying off six daughters in six years, and they call her 'the mater' because they think she has fairly earned the title."—*Ledger.*

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething; soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhœa. 25 cents a bottle.

They were bothering him to try all sorts of remedies for his headache. Most men, of course, like this sort of attention, and he was no exception. "Can't you let a fellow be? If there is a house in the city where a man has no comfort in being sick or miserable, it's here."—*Philadelphia Times.*

"DISSOLVES IN COLD WATER."
The perfect nutrition and quick digestion of "Rex Wheat" is proved by this supreme test.

"That's all right," he said, as he took up his hat, "but I have got seventeen sisters already. You are now down on the list as the eighteenth. Speaking with a full knowledge of all the facts, some girl has got to stop this one-sided streak of relationship pretty soon or I will disown the whole family."—*Philadelphia Times.*

PHILLIPS' DIGESTIBLE Cocoa
Unequaled for Delicacy of Flavor and Nutritious Properties. Easily Digested. Different from all other Cocoas.

JAMES M. BELL & CO. Are Authorized by the Sunny Side Distilling Co. to be the only bottlers of PURE OLD "Sunny Side" ALL-RYE WHISKEY in the United States
OUR SIGNATURE APPEARS ON EVERY BOTTLE.
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20 CENTS EACH
BUY THEM.

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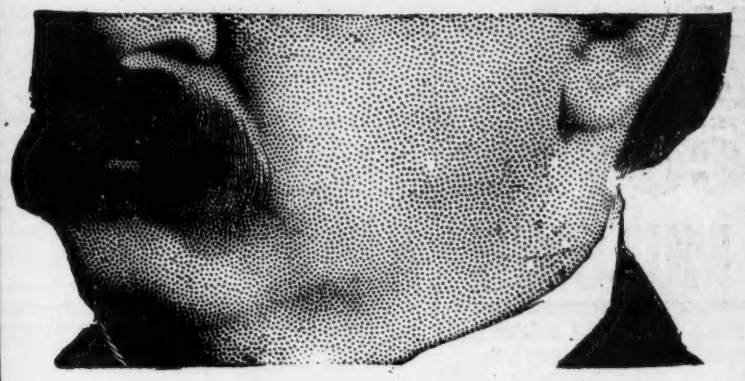


Who Is It?

SOME one has said that any man with a DOUBLE chin who uses Williams' famous

"GENUINE YANKEE SHAVING SOAP"

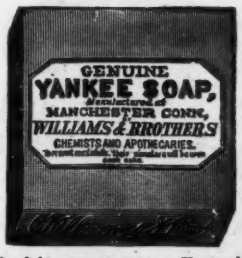
can shave in LESS TIME and with MORE PLEASURE, than any other man—with only a Single chin—if he tries to use any other kind of shaving soap.

THIS IS TRUE!

Here is one of the PRESIDENTS of the UNITED STATES—who has proved it.

He ALWAYS shaves himself and always uses the famous—GENUINE YANKEE SHAVING SOAP—Can you guess who this President is?

WHOEVER—old or young—will send in the right name and enclose five 2-cent stamps for packing, postage, etc., shall receive from us as a PRIZE a full-sized cake of this famous "YANKEE SHAVING SOAP" like this!



Packed in a neat case—Postpaid.
A splendid present to give to your father, brother, or any one who shaves. Address,

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Box 27. Glastonbury, Conn.
(Established Half a Century.)

Williams' Shaving Soaps are famous throughout the world. Their Barber's Soap is known and used in every first-class barber shop, the "Yankee" Soap and Williams' Shaving Stick are the favorites with all who shave themselves. All druggists keep them.

Hobbs—"I made ten dollars just now." *Dobbs*—"How so?" *Hobbs*—"I met Nobbs on the street, and he asked me to lend him twenty dollars until to-morrow. Luckily, I had only ten dollars in my pocket."—*Somerville Journal.*

THE KAISER AND BISMARCK.

Kaiser—"Well, prince, what think you of "Cabinet Sekt" Champagne?"
Bismarck—"I think its the best in the world and would drink no other."

"Are there any reporters in the room?" inquired the medium. "Six only," was the reply. "Six! Six reporters would delay the coming of the millennium another thousand years, let alone the appearance of one or two disembodied spirits. The audience is dismissed. Money will be returned at the door."—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

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CELEBRATED HATS.
Style and Quality Unequaled.
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Spring Styles!
ESPENSCHEID'S
Celebrated Hats.
Illustrated circular giving directions "How to Order," prices, etc., mailed free on application."

PREMIÈRE QUALITÉ CIGARETTE.
A SUPERB ARTICLE. The standard of purity and excellence. The faultless union of two matchless tobaccos prevents that dryness of the throat usually produced by smoking other brands. Do not allow prejudice to prevent you from giving this incomparable cigarette a trial. It is simply perfection, and a luxury, and not a low-priced article.
Our Vanity Fair and other smoking mixtures are the finest for the pipe.
16 First-prize Medals.
WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.

GAIN ONE POUND A Day.

A GAIN OF A POUND A DAY IN THE CASE OF A MAN WHO HAS BECOME "ALL RUN DOWN," AND HAS BEGUN TO TAKE THAT REMARKABLE FLESH PRODUCER,

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL WITH Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda IS NOTHING UNUSUAL. THIS FEAT HAS BEEN PERFORMED OVER AND OVER AGAIN. PALATABLE AS MILK. ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. AVOID SUBSTITUTIONS AND IMITATIONS.

Perhaps the saddest sight on earth is a fat woman trying to look cute.—*Terre Haute Express.*

The man who frequents the pawnbroker's shop, like the base-ball player, is often out on three balls.—*Commercial Bulletin.*

A genuine bibliophile is a rich man who cares a great deal more for books than he does for what is in them.—*Somerville Journal.*

Young lady—"Remember to sweep the parlor very clean to-day, Mary. A gentleman is coming this evening who will kneel to me."—*Boston Budget.*

See what's in a name, for instance, that has an ending cott: Boycott, Tascott, Silcott, Lippincott, the last the woman forger of Atlantic City.—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

The mayor of South Norwalk, Connecticut, has determined to enforce the old blue laws. The object of the blue laws is to prevent people from painting the town red.—*Harrisburg Patriot.*

Papa—"If I have to speak to you again I'll whip you." *The terror*—"Say, papa, what did you have a little boy for if you can't get along with him any better than you do?"—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Yachtmen who are laying in their supplies should not forget to include a supply of Greenway's India pale ale, double stout and half-and-half. These goods cannot be excelled for purity and flavor, and will keep in any climate.

Several children had been born in the neighborhood, and when another was announced little Jean, aged three years, ran to his mother and said, "Oh, mamma! Ise doin' to wite Dod a letter and ask him to send me a baby afore dey's all gone."

A miss yclept Susan Van Duzen
For a partner a red man was choosin';
She married a full
Kin of old Sitting Bull,
And thereafter she wrote her name Siouxsan.
—*Yonkers Gazette.*

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block Rochester, N. Y.*

Had this old world been made to suit the kickers everywhere
'T would be a freaky, bulging, crooked, sadly mixed affair.
We'd have our winters in July if we but had our way,
And in December's place we'd put the tender month of May.
We'd transpose nearly everything and change it all about,
And turn it upside down and very likely inside out,
And when we'd regulated things the best that we knew how,
'T is certain we'd have cause to kick lots worse than we do now.

Darlington, Runk & Co.

THE CAMARGO CORSET. Faultless in Shape, Perfection in Finish, Highest in Quality.

In ten models and a special shape for Equestriennes.

Short and Long Waisted, made of Gray and White French Coutil and Black Sateen.

The sale of the above corset has steadily increased since it was introduced by us two years ago, and it is pronounced the most comfortable and best-fitting Corset imported. It is made in Paris expressly to our order, and its sale in the United States is confined exclusively to our firm.

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$15 THE ONLY PRACTICAL LOW-PRICED TYPEWRITER

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Rowland's Odonto

A Rare, Fragrant, non-Gritty Tooth Powder, Whitens the Teeth, Prevents and Arrests Decay, Hardens the Gums and Sweetens the Breath. Ask Druggists for Rowland's Odonto, of 20 Hatton Garden, London, England.

NO DINNER Is Complete without Soup.

By Using Armour's Beef Extract you can make delicious soup for six persons at a total cost of ten cents.

ARMOUR'S BEEF EXTRACT CHICAGO

ARMOUR'S EXTRACT, for Soups, Sauces, Bouillon or Beef Tea. The Strongest, Richest, Most Nutritious, and Therefore the Most Economical. For Sale By Druggists and Grocers.

Awarded the Gold Medal, Paris, 1889.

BARRY'S ESTABLISHED 1801 Tricopherous FOR THE HAIR & SKIN

An elegant dressing exquisitely perfumed, removes all impurities from the scalp, prevents baldness and gray hair, and causes the hair to grow Thick, Soft and Beautiful. Infallible for curing eruptions, diseases of the skin, glands and muscles, and quickly healing cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, &c. Price, 50 Cts.—All Druggists. BARCLAY & CO., New York.

DEAFNESS and HEAD NOISES Entirely Cured by Peck's Pat. Improved Tubular Ear Cushions. Whispers heard distinctly. Unseen, comfortable, self-adjusting. *Successful when all remedies fail.* Sold only by F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, cor. 14th Street, New York. Call or write for illustrated book of proofs FREE. Mention this paper.

C&C COLLARS & CUFFS FOR MEN'S WEAR

STOUT PEOPLE! WEIGHT REDUCED WITHOUT STARVATION DIET. Treatise & Instruction for 6 stamps. E. LYNTON, 19 Park Place, New York.

ASTHMA CURED FREE.

A SAMPLE bottle of BRONCHOLINE will be sent *free* on application to D. H. FONDA DRUG Co., State St., Albany, N. Y. Broncholine cures *asthma and hay-fever.* Ask your druggist for it. Large bottles sent to any address for $1, or six for $5. Send for *free* sample bottle and testimonials.

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BREVOORT HOUSE, FIFTH AVENUE (near Washington square) NEW YORK. O. B. LIBBEY, - - Proprietor.

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KEELER'S HOTEL, 26 and 28 MAIDEN LANE, ALBANY, N. Y.

HAVE YOU EVER HAD SICK HEADACHE? BRADYCROTINE WILL STOP IT.

GREENWAY'S AMERICAN INDIA PALE ALE, DOUBLE STOUT, HALF & HALF.
IN GLASS OR WOOD
Fully equal to the BEST IMPORTED.
TRADE MARK
FOR Family & Club Use
RECOMMENDED BY OUR BEST PHYSICIANS.
FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST CLASS GROCERS AND DEALERS.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.
THE GREENWAY BREWING CO. SYRACUSE, N.Y.

THE ROYAL DAUBER AND MUD SCRAPER.
ALWAYS GIVES SATISFACTION.
Made only by PEABODY AND PARKS.
SAMPLE BY MAIL 25 ct. TROY, N.Y.

"Dashaway"
CAW'S "Dashaway" PEN,
A DOUBLE-FEED FOUNTAIN PEN That Never Fails.
TRADE MARK CAW'S INK
CAW'S Black Fluid INK,
WRITES BLACK, STAYS BLACK. Does Not Corrode Pens.
CAW'S "STYLOGRAPHIC" PEN.
Simplest, Cheapest and Best. A Perfect Substitute for Pen, Pencil and Ink-stand.
Inquire of any stationer, or send for particulars to
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Awarded nine medals at leading expositions. The last at the Universal Exposition, Paris, '89.
USE MICHELSEN'S BAY RUM. SOLD EVERYWHERE.
Ask your dealer for it. This is the only pure article imported from his distillery in the W. I.

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I CURE FITS!
When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post-Office.
H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl Street, New York.

Fashionable lady (mother of several children)—"Nurse, I am going out now." *Nurse*—"Yes, mum." *Lady*—"And as I am going to take Fido with me you can turn the heat off entirely until we get back. If the children cry put them to bed."—*Texas Siftings.*

It is reported that competition among the crematories of Paris has grown so active as to reduce the cost of disposing of a corpse to the cheap price of sixty cents. Under the operation of this economic force death has ceased to be a luxury and has become a necessity.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Bill Bloodgood—"Would you believe it? One of my best friends cut me yesterday. I held out my hand to shake and he never made a move." *Hank Lariat*—"Why didn't you shoot him on the spot?" *Bill Bloodgood*—"Because I saw just in time that the poor fellow was handcuffed."—*Burlington Free Press.*

We have been for a number of years personally familiar with the Sohmer Piano, and believe it has no superior in those excellent qualities which make a perfect instrument. It is to be especially praised for its volume, richness and carrying-powers. No person can hear it played without being convinced of its superiority.

Here is one way of keeping on the fence, as set forth by the poet laureate of the Philadelphia *Press*:

"The mean between extremes, they say,
Is always best to hold;
So neither give yourself away
Nor let yourself be sold."

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their express and post-office address. Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl Street, New York.

Reporter (to Indiana woman who has married her ninth husband)—"Would you have any objection, madam, to telling me whether or not you consider marriage a failure?" *Indiana woman* (severely)—"I don't know whether it is or not, young man, but I'm going to find out if it takes every man this side of Terry Hut."—*Chicago Tribune.*

The meanest man in Maine lives near Lewiston. He had an only son who was drafted and killed in the war. The father is now reported as saying, "I was short-sighted in not paying four hundred dollars for a substitute, for I have been forced to hire a man ever since to help carry on the farm, and it has cost me thousands above the price of a substitute. Besides, he was a master hand to work and the smallest eater I ever saw."

CATARRH
COLDS + COUGHS
SORE + THROAT
SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES
An unfailing remedy. They prevent and cure COUGHS, BRONCHIAL CATARRH and THROAT irritations, mostly due to smoking. Always keep a box of Soden Mineral Pastilles in your house.
25c. and 50c. a box at druggists.
Pamphlets Free on Application.
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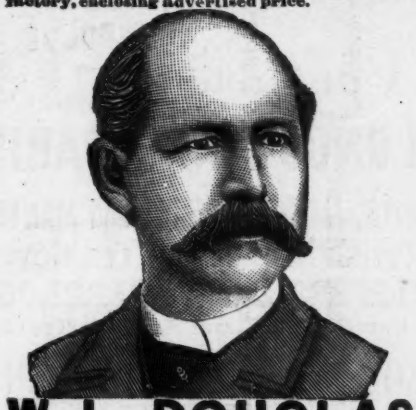
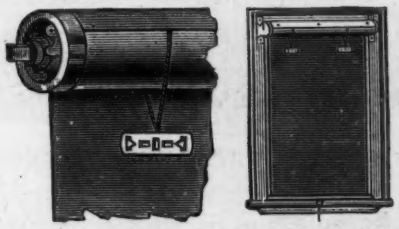
CAUTION Take no shoes unless W. L. Douglas' name and price are stamped on bottom. If your dealer cannot supply you, send direct to factory, enclosing advertised price.



W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.
Fine Calf Laced Grain and Creedmore Waterproof. Our claims for this Shoe over all other $3 Shoes:
It contains better material. It is more stylish, better fitting and durable. It gives better general satisfaction. Its great success is due to merit. It cannot be duplicated by any other manufacturer. It is the best in the world, and has a larger demand than any other $3 Shoe advertised.
$5,000 will be paid to any person who will prove the above statements to be untrue.
Also $5, $4, $3.50, $2.50, $2.25, $2 shoes for Men; $2 and $1.75 Shoes for Boys. $3 and $2 Shoes for Ladies and $1.75 Shoe for Misses.
W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

A little accident which has occurred millions of times, and which happens now and then in every house.
THE ANTI-KUM-OFF
Window Shade Fasteners prevent all such accidents.



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Agents and House Canvassers Wanted in every city and town where the shade makers are not supplied. Thousands of families buy them for shades already up. For outfit and terms address
THE PATERSON NOVELTY MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
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Price, complete, covered in Seal Leather, $25.00.
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PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH.—Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.
CATARRH
It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail.
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Wraps and Overcoats.

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Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure blind, bleeding, and itching piles when all other ointments have failed. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for piles and itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50c. and $1.00 per box.
WILLIAMS M'F'G CO., Prop's,
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Ely's Cream Balm
WILL CURE
CATARRH
Price 50 Cents.
Apply Balm into each nostril.
ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., New York.

EARL & WILSON'S
LINEN
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BEST IN THE WORLD.

FACIAL BLEMISHES
The largest Establishment in the World for the treatment of Hair and Scalp, Eczema, Moles, Warts, Superfluous Hair, Birthmarks, Moth, Freckles, Wrinkles, Red Nose, Red Veins, Oily Skin, Acne, Pimples, Blackheads, Barber's Itch, Scars, Pittings, Powder Marks, Bleaching, Facial Development, etc. Send 10 cts. for 128-page book on all skin imperfections and their treatment.
JOHN H. WOODBURY, Dermatologist,
125 West 42d Street, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.
P.S.—Use Woodbury's Facial Soap for the skin and scalp. For sale at all druggists, or by mail, 50 cents.

For improved and economic cookery use
Liebig COMPANY'S
EXTRACT OF MEAT
for Beef Tea, Soups, Made Dishes, Sauces (Game, Fish, &c.), Apsic or Meat Jelly. Keeps for any length of time, and is cheaper and of finer flavor than any other stock.
J. v. Liebig
Genuine only with J. von Liebig's signature as above, in blue. One pound of Extract of Beef equal to forty pounds of lean beef.

Mottet's Prize-Medal Olive Oil.
THE PERFECTION OF EXCELLENCE.
THE STANDARD OF PURITY.
THE GREATEST DELICACY.
THE RAREST DAINTY.
Sold by all best Grocers and Druggists.
Imported by F. A. REICHARD.
Charles W. Nolen, Wholesale Agent, 118 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

A BAD MISDEAL.

The weather man pulled the snow-rope Wednesday and, as everybody knows, the feathery flakes came down in clouds. It was a very nasty day outside, and as a consequence a couple of printers from one of the big morning papers went forth to smear the town with red paint. The printer is peculiar in his predilections. On holidays he prefers to work, because, as he says, "any common plug can loaf on a holiday." Following out the same policy, he always picks out an especially disagreeable day for his hilarious exploits. Thus the two printers referred to put on subs and went forth into the city. They drifted from place to place for several hours until they had become very joyous within and very much bedraggled without, and all at once it occurred to one of them that he must take the other home. He would have appeared to better advantage being taken home than in piloting somebody else to his abode, but that made no difference. He had had an inspiration and he proposed to clinch it and take his poor unfortunate companion home. They started west on Madison street, and at the corner of Clark collided with two other similarly conditioned persons. The four men went down on the slippery, snow-covered pavement in a heap, and when they had disentangled themselves the self-constituted guardian and home pilot grabbed his chum and lugged him off north through the blinding snow. They trudged wearisomely across the bridge, the guardian now and then assuring his friend that he would take care of him, and to have no fear, as maudlin persons are inclined to do. The other man was strangely silent and unresponsive. At last they reached a cross-street and the guide turned and steered his companion to the steps of a certain house. Then the silent man spoke.

"Thiszaint right," he said, after a long leer at the surroundings. "Thiszaint State ist?"

The guide turned his charge to the light of a street lamp and looked gravely and searchingly into his face. Then he shook his head sadly and drifted away, muttering imprecations on his own head. He had got the wrong man when he arose from the downfall at the corner of Clark and Madison streets.—*Chicago Mail.*

It is said that a rather pompous minister once met P. T. Barnum, the circus manager, and said to him, "Mr. Barnum, you and I have met before on the temperance platform, and I hope we shall meet in heaven." "We shall," replied Barnum, confidently, "if you're there."

He had come to spend the evening and she had received him in the library. The parlors were occupied. The old settler's association was holding a meeting there. "Miss Fredonia," said a domestic, opening the library door, "I'm sorry to disturb yez, but they're a-wantin' more chairs. I'll have to take all yez can spare." The face of the fair young girl grew radiant with the glow of generous self-sacrifice. "Alfred," she whispered resolutely, "those old people must not stand." ". . . Nora, you may take everything except this rocking-chair."

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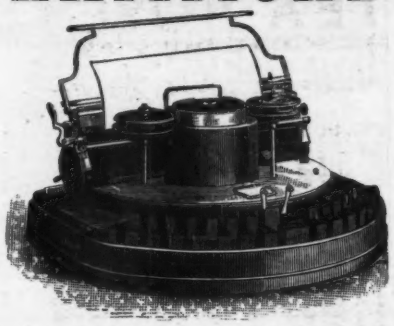

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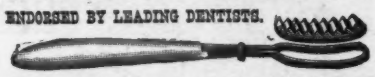

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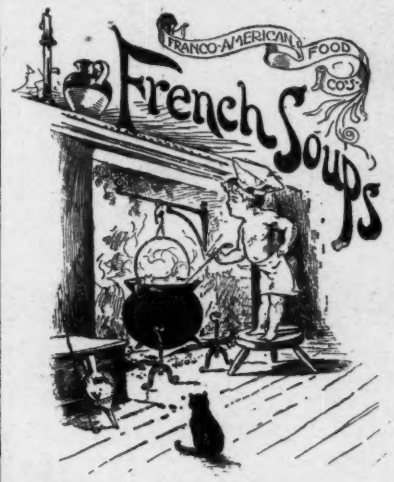

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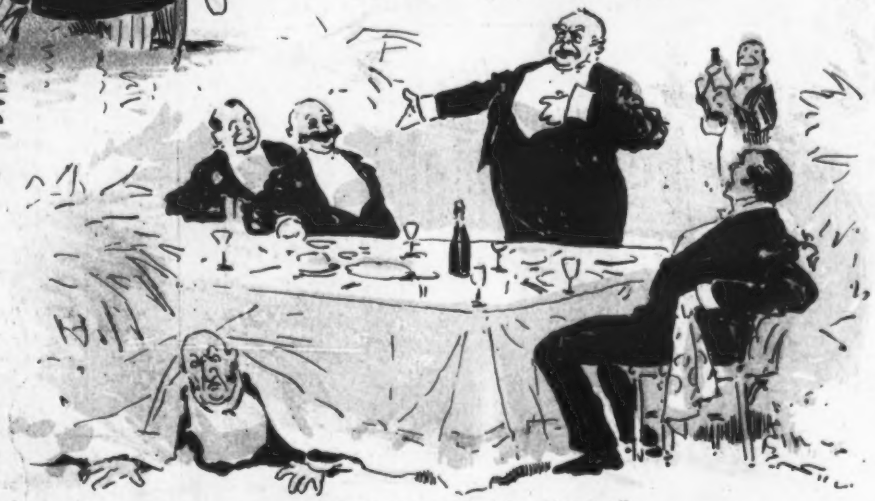

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